



THE SLAVE CHASE.

from the Entertainment of

Negro Life in Freedom & in Slavery.

Words by

ANGUS B. REACH.

The Music Composed

and dedicated as a mark of esteem

TO
George Bond Esq.
BY

HENRY RUSSELL.

Ent. Sta. Hall

Price 3/-

L O N D O N .

CHAPPELL, 50, NEW BOND STREET.
CITY BRANCH, 15, POULTRY.

I

THE CHASE.

Words by ANGUS B. REACH ESQ^R

Music by HENRY RUSSELL.

ALLEGRO
MODERATO.

f Resoluto ma con anima.

resoluto.

Set every stitch of canvas to woo the freshning wind, Our
colla voce.

bow-sprit points to Cu- ba, the coast lies far be-hind;

9203

Fill'd to the hatches full, my boys, a....cross the seas we go, There's
 twice five hundred niggers in the stifling hold be low. A
 Sail! what say you, boys? well—let him give us chase, A
ad lib.
ritard.
 British Man-of-War you say—well, let him try the race; There's
f
ad lib.

not two swif-ter ves-sels e-ver float-ed on the waves, Than our

a tempo.

ti-ddy lit-tle Schooners well bal-last-ed with Slaves.

resolute.

Now stronger, yet and stronger still, came down the fiery breeze, And

colla voce.

even fast and fast...er sped the strange ship on the seas;

Flinging each rude and bursting surge, in glittering halos back, And

bear...ing high to Heav'n a...loft the English Union Jack. "Now,

cur...ses on that En...sign," the Slav...ing Cap...tain said, There's

ad lib.

little luck for Slavers when English hunting's spread. But

f *ad lib.*

pack on sail and trim the ship, before we'll captur'd be, We'll

a tempo. 6

have the Niggers up, my boys, and heave them in the sea.

9253.

resoluto.

Hou're was the Slaving Captain's voice and deep the oath he swore, Haul

colla voce.

down the flag; that shot's enough, we don't want a'ny more;

A long-side dash'd the cruiser's boat, to board and seize the prize,

Hark to that rattling British cheer rise ring-ing to the skies. Up

up with the Negroes speedily, up, up and give them breath,

ad lib.

ritard.

Clear out the hold from stem to stern, that noisome den is death. And

f

ad lib.

Run aloft St. George's Cross, all wanton let it wave, The

a tempo. 6

to...ken proud that un...der it, there ne...ver treads a slave.